

11 pm Monday Colford

Dearest, The best part of my journey
here was writing to you. We were very
slow & late. There was no dinner
kept for me & I had to eat some almonds
& raisins Mother gave me in Boar's Bay.
The conditions here are very bad. We
just have to club together to buy what we
need buying meat, bread, tea. There
is no mess. There is electric light,
a good fire & bare boards. Also I
didn't lose anything in transit apparently.
Also your letter was waiting here.

Thorburn has gone away for a
week's leave. I suppose I shall be
busy taking the men for route marches
or marching, or going to & from
Tidworth for our stores.

A party was leaving as we
arrived tonight, with baypipes
playing "Keep the Homefires burning"
& "Oh where, Oh where is my
Myland laddie gone?"

Well, my bed is made & I
am sleepy at last. Goodnight

Monday

I took the men a route march today along this bank of the river to Wyke & back along the other side, ending in a series of most hazardous turns & short cuts, which made Smith think I was going to get lost, instead of which we came out just opposite the camp entrance. There was a lovely cold clear morning, the roads hard, & the men singing all the route & we're here because we're here, to the tune of 'Old Lang Syne'. Horton, Ransom, Thorburn are away, and the Sergeant Major, so Smith & I will have to do all the work. I think the Captain is absolutely fed up here. The Wyke was very pretty, remaining clear as glass over the chalk fragments & among watercresses.

The only post is 6.35 p.m. so you may or may not get this tomorrow at 4.

Melvin's letter came this morning. I am so glad the book arrived in time & that he had a good day.

We are waiting for the Captain to come in to lunch. I don't think he will come, though.

There are clean newspapers on the table.

A folding (telescopic) aluminium drinking mug is a thing I could do with. My crumpled one was all dented in the railway journey.

We have nothing more to do today. I did think of walking over to Hatch, but my night not be at home. So Smith & I will walk to Chittorne up in the Rain & have

tea there, to avoid sitting silent at table with
Captain Janner. He did come in to lunch but
hardly spoke a word to us. It was most uncomfortable.
He has a cold. He was out last night & he
up very late this morning & he looks & is much
unwell.

I shall find myself writing here if
we don't get busier.

Don't think expects to have to enlist
before very long & wants me to advise him.

Garnett writes a nice friendly letter.

He hasn't been able to do anything with his
veneer yet: hasn't seen Hainingham, but
says he will.

Goodbye. Edw.